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LORD MACAULAY.

THIS is an age remarkably distinguished for historical investigation. Other periods of time may perhaps boast of a more brilliant list of poets, philosophers or men of science, than does our own, but in the department of history, we think it can point with great pride to a class of writers and thinkers who will in all coming time throw a peculiar lustre around our day. In France, Lamartine, Thiers and Guizot, have written works which will render their names immortal. In England, Alison, Grote, Arnold and Macaulay, shine with a light so brilliant that the feeble tapers of other chroniclers are almost totally obscured; while in our own country, Irving, Prescott, Bancroft and Motley, have, in their several fields of labor, done much to illustrate portions of the history of Europe, as well as to arrange and present in the most attractive forms the records of events upon our own continent. Among all these, the one whose works have been most widely circulated, and will undoubtedly continue to be most eagerly

read wherever the tongue of the two most enlightened nations of the earth is spoken, is Lord Macaulay. It will be impossible to form a complete estimate of his abilities as a writer and scholar, or qualities as a historian, until the great work upon which he is now engaged, and which will probably be his principal occupation during life, is finished. From what he has already given to the world, however, we may judge that in all departments of scholarship he is equally prominent, and that as a historian he stands not behind the greatest writers of any age. We remember to have read a remark in reference to him, made by one who well knew the resources of his mind, that if all the learning of England could be at once and completely exhausted, Macaulay could alone make up the deficiency. This estimate appears at first to be much exaggerated, but as we turn over the pages of his essays or history, such is the extent of knowledge there displayed, that we begin to regard it as not far from the truth. The facility of illustration which he possesses is wonderful. All the learning of Antiquity seems to be entirely at his command. The philosophers, the poets, the historians, not only of Greece and Rome, but also of every nation that has flourished since the beginning of the world, lay their stores at his feet, and from them, with fastidious taste, does he select such materials as best suit his purpose. How are we surprised by the familiar allusions which he makes, not so much to well known portions of Ancient Literature, as to the writings of comparatively unknown authors, and the most minute transactions in countries, to become thoroughly acquainted with whose history would seem to us to require almost a lifetime of study. Nor is it only in ancient literature that he seeks his illustrations. Passages from the great Italian bards, Tasso and Dante, as well as other minor poets, appear familiarly upon his page. Spanish language and literature are entirely at his command. With German literature he is also conversant, although he has not dived so deep in its philosophy, nor imbibed so thoroughly its spirit, as has Carlyle, next to him perhaps the most able of recent English writers.

It is in the literature of his own tongue, however, that he takes chief delight. Throughout the entire extent of that

noble field of thought and intellect does he range, culling the rarest and most precious flowers, and scattering them in bounteous profusion over his pages. His mind has plainly been subjected to the magic influence of the myriad-minded Shakspeare. The majestic strains of Milton, to whose character and genius he has paid a most eloquent and fitting tribute, have aided greatly in forming that strong nervous style with which he clothes his thoughts. The wonderful fancy of Spencer has contributed toward the development of his imaginative faculty. These three, whom, in the rank in which we have placed them, he considers the great poets of England, seem as familiar to him as though they were but the alphabet of his learning, while all the multitude of less gifted writers whose works enrich our literature, crowd around him on every side, eagerly proffering such gifts as he will receive. It is in history, however, that he takes chief delight. To that has he consecrated his learning, his industry, and his genius. While poetry, philosophy, science, philology, have poured forth their treasures into the receptacle of his wonderful memory, they serve only as companions to cheer and help him on in his chosen field of labor.

It would be a curious and interesting story could some competent hand trace the progress of his mind from the time he left his University, until he attained his present proud position. Even while in College, such was the amount of knowledge he had then collected, that his companions called him the omniscient Macaulay. It was but a short time after forsaking the scenes of his youthful literary triumphs that he contributed to the Edinburgh Review his essay upon Milton. The effect of this article on the literary world was wonderful in the extreme. It seemed as if the blind old bard himself had returned to this world to cast such a light upon his own works as would enable his countrymen more properly to appreciate the magnificence of his genius. The highest compliment that could possibly be paid to this essay is the picture of Robert Hall, at the age of sixty commencing the study of Italian in order to verify the references to Dante which are made in comparing the great English and Italian epic poets. In it Macaulay seems to glory in all the exuber-

ance of an unrivaled intellect and imagination left solely to the guidance of their own powers. With a command of language, facility of illustration and splendor of diction equaled by none of the long list of able writers who had contributed to the English Reviews, he seemed to walk with a step scarcely less stately than that of Milton himself, to give promise of some day producing a work almost fit to be compared with the immortal *Paradise Lost*. From this time, however, a marked change came over the character of his writings. The productions which he sent into the press were indeed marked by all the splendor of diction, extent of knowledge, and vigor of intellect that characterized his first essay, but there was visible in them all the evidences of some strong will controlling with an iron hand these native powers, curbing their propensity to run loose, and directing them in regular channels. The propelling force still exists, it is true, but it has been chained down and allowed to take its effect only in urging on with a fierce vividness and power the driving wheel of pure reason.

Whether Macaulay possesses a great and original genius may perhaps be very much doubted. If he does not himself, however, possess this divine faculty, he certainly has a wonderful power of appreciating it in others. Where can we find such fine estimates of those men whom we delight to recognize as the great ones of the earth, as are displayed in his papers upon Milton, Bacon, Byron, Bunyan, Clive, Hastings, and many others of the very prominent English writers and statesmen. His mind is of the Baconian rather than Platonic order. Contented with examining the world as it is, and reducing if possible the vast multitude of facts of which it is composed to general principles, he seeks not to rise into the cloud-lands of mystery and obscurity, he makes no vain endeavor to scale that pyramid whose apex is forever hid in impenetrable darkness.

We of course are to judge of the qualities of his mind from the productions which that mind has given to the world. From an examination of these, we must conclude that he stands not far behind the greatest men of any age. His vast stores of knowledge, all arranged in systematic order, ready

to be brought forth whenever he may desire, have already been noticed. A vivid and powerful imagination surely we cannot deny him, although perhaps he does not bring before us such strange and unheard of pictures from undefined and mysterious regions in the empire of fancy, as do some others. But for seizing with a lightning-like glance all the prominent features of a scene, and presenting that scene with all the truth and interest of reality, we know not his equal. Who has not seen striding along before him in all their dignity and grandeur, the Roman heroes whose actions he describes in those magnificent martial ballads, the Lays of Ancient Rome? Whose eye has not beamed with pride and gratitude as he has read the account of the trial of the seven Bishops, or been dimmed with tears as are related the sufferings and heroism displayed at the siege of Londonderry.

A very acute and logical reasoner he certainly is. He has thought and written upon most every subject that occupies the attention of mankind, and whenever he wishes to refute a fallacy of some writer who holds a view contrary to his own, such is the force of the examples he brings to add strength and point to his arguments that we are astonished at the weakness of him to whose views we have perhaps but a moment before given a willing assent. His most valuable quality as a writer, however, we consider to be his wonderful clearness of statement. By reading one of his essays upon any philosophical subject, we can acquire a more distinct idea of the whole matter, than a dozen treatises from most any other man would afford. This then we think is his prime excellence, whether it is in describing a battle or defending a favorite theory, in picturing off a debate in Parliament or giving his views upon the inductive method of reasoning.

He is generally considered the greatest master of English prose in this or probably any century. If popularity is any test of merit, surely we must award him the highest praise. Thousands of readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, have hung with delight over his pages, reading the details of history with all the interest and zeal that sentimental misses peruse the most thrilling romances. Extracts from his writings every where meet us as gems of literary beauty, and

whoever has not read Macaulay is generally regarded like one who refuses to sit down to a banquet where are offered in bounteous profusion the most delicious viands that earth can afford. If we examine his writings, however, sentence by sentence and clause by clause, we will be very greatly at a loss to discover the peculiar charm of his style. They have not the high sounding words of Johnson, nor the charming simplicity of Goldsmith, nor the studied elegance of Addison. They are all of them just such sentences as most any school-boy of moderate abilities and acquirements can write. Generally short, with no particular care as to smoothness of expression or the niceties of language, we are astonished to find them so plain and straightforward after all. What then constitutes his excellence? It is by looking at any scene or topic as a whole that we discover it. He has what we regard as the highest excellence in a writer, the faculty of causing his readers to forget the means by which ideas are conveyed, in the interest of the ideas themselves. So strong is his conception of any subject, and so strong the interest which he himself takes in it, that his readers cannot but have his own interest excited to a corresponding degree. While Carlyle, to use an expression we have met concerning his style, places his subject upon the wall, and then throws a mass of words in grotesque profusion about it, Macaulay causes us to pay no attention to the clothing, but sets it before us in all its naked reality, acting, speaking, moving, as in life. His sentences are strong and to the point; he never says too much nor too little. He uses barely enough words to express the idea, but that idea is always present in intenseness and power. In his magnificent descriptions, it is simply by stating the events as they really occur, but stating them as though he were actually present and saw them all, that he exercises so strong a sway. In all his writings, however, there is the evidence of most careful elaboration. Not a page does he publish over which he has not studied with the greatest care. He never sends forth from his workshop the raw material, it is always the manufactured article, complete in every part, showing that the experienced workman allows nothing to pass from under his eye which has not been polished and moulded to perfection.

His qualities as a historian we have not time to discuss. His opponents have accused him of partyism; of romance writing; of presenting pictures to amuse the populace, rather than facts to instruct the seekers after knowledge; of sympathies entirely with the past, and not with the present. We grant that he has faults, for who has not, and some of these may be among them. It is sufficient to say, however, in regard to most of those who impugn his motives and deny his statements, that it is time to do so when they are satisfied that they know more than Macaulay himself, a condition with which we think few can comply. When we remember that to his regal opulence of general knowledge, he has added a life-time of study upon English History, and has devoted eight years of unremitting industry to the preparation of his first two volumes, and a corresponding care to each of the others, we are content to rest satisfied with the accuracy of his statements, even though we may sometimes dissent from his conclusions, and are very thankful that he has thrown the light of so powerful a fascination upon the times of which his volumes treat. We consider it to be the highest office of the historian to commemorate facts with truthfulness, and at the same time to present these facts in such a manner as will cause, and at the same time gratify, an interest in the reader in regard to the facts about which he is reading. This condition we think Macaulay completely fulfils, and hence we are disposed to place him by all odds at the head of English historians, as well as those of any other nation.

His claims upon the gratitude of all who speak the English language are many. He has made all of England, and a greater part of North America, familiar with some of the most interesting portions of the history of our common ancestors. He has presented to us pictures more graphic than could any painter's brush, of Englishmen as they acted and spoke centuries ago. He has given us the highest model of a pure, elegant, straightforward and nervous style. He has shown us that our noble language can be used in the highest species of literature, in all its integrity and simplicity. He has presented for all historians an example of how the driest details of politics can be invested with a charm that will

make them welcome to the most indifferent readers. And he has done more than any other man to make us proud of the English Constitution, that glorious fabric, the result of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and of those institutions of religious and civil liberty which are the joy and hope of the world.

DROWNED.

A sea-mew perched on the craggy cliff,
Keen sighting the surging waves,
While nigh at hand, a foundering skiff
Sent drowning men to their graves.

A mangled body, dashed on rocks,
Floated the foam above;
A hand outstretched to help that mocks,
A hand oft pressed by love.

A jewel sparkled through the spray,
The sea-mew caught the gleam,
Fiercely dashed at the tempting prey,
Watched for since morning's beam.

The wild bird, dripping with ocean brine,
Lit on the bosom bare,
But vainly sought the glittering sign
Of a victim it might tear.

The hand deep buried in the surge,
Held back the spousal ring:
Ah, sad the day, when ocean's dirge
Did the wearer's requiem sing!

Happy the hour, when flushed with joy,
A loved one placed it there!
How golden hope without alloy
With a halo filled the air!

A breaking heart, and whitening locks,
Wait sadly for the dead;
The ring lies bright, 'mid sunken rocks,
The mew screams overhead.

AMERICAN POETRY.

Since the age of the sightless bard of Greece, Poetry has been esteemed the highest exponent of genius. Every age, almost every land, has produced a minstrel whose lays have elicited the world's admiration. Greece has a Homer as the patriarch of her literature. Rome produced a Virgil, whose works are the proudest monuments of the Augustan age, and a Horace, whose fame, as he himself foretold,

“ — non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
Possit diruere aut innumerabilis
Annorum series —.”

In modern times, Germany has given birth to a Goethe, a Schiller, and hosts of others who rank among the world's favorites; and the Anglo Saxon has not yielded to his fellows in Poetic genius. A Shakspeare, a Milton, and a Byron, sustain the reputation of *our* race.

It is often asked why America has produced no Poetry which may challenge comparison with the masterpieces of the Transatlantic Muse. We are not of the number of those who enviously and unjustly ignore American authors, and discover in their efforts none of the attributes of true Poetry. Far from this. But, giving to each his just meed of praise, proud as we are of every triumph of American Literature, it is not to be denied that the Western world holds no very exalted position in the domain of Poetry. At the same time, the manner which has ever characterized European critics, of accounting for this inferiority, seems to us unjust and untruthful. The sneers and obloquy heaped upon American *talent* are wholly undeserved. We need not go beyond the domain of plain common sense to discover causes which have ever opposed, and even now militate against the cultivation and development of this branch of literature; causes which have derived their efficiency not at all from any inherent intellectual inferiority, but, as we think, from accident of government, social peculiarities and religious predilections.

In seeking a clue to the solution of this problem, let us begin with the definition of Poetry. It may be denominated —the language of the imagination, the expression of man's

ideal nature, the outpouring of the sensibilities and the passions. Laying aside its forms and technicalities, these seem to be its distinguishing features. Assuming this as its meaning, what is demanded of the Poet? First, he must possess certain natural, inherent qualities; a vivid imagination, that shall transport him far above the realms of groveling, earth-bound thought, which shall people his world with images, beautiful and congruous, graceful, and instinct with life—a soul keenly alive to all that is pleasing in Nature and Art—sensibilities instinctively awakened by the touch of human sympathy. But these are not all. Imagination, love of the beautiful in nature, and sensibility to the pathos of human life, are in a great measure inherent and independent of circumstances and accidental surroundings. The Poet, though he live in the dingy garret of a crowded city, shut out from Nature, and denied all enjoyment of beauties which dwell apart from the handiwork of man, can yet paint for us exquisite pictures of Nature's panorama, and tell us of

“Old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines,
That stream with gray green mosses,”

whose brilliant colorings never gladden his eye. Apart from Nature's gifts to the Poet, he must be a faithful student and accurate observer of human life in its every phase, read the great lessons taught by communion with his fellows, search for the moving principles in human character, and learn to justly estimate human pretensions. These are the qualifications of mind and heart, natural and acquired, which are demanded of the Poet. It is time to apply what we have said to American Literature, its history and its characteristics.

Glance for a moment at the oft-repeated story of American colonization. Our country was peopled, not by a race of imaginative enthusiasts and dreamy poetasters, but by *men* whose whole life had been embittered by persecution and intolerance. The principles of religious toleration, now so universally acknowledged, had been scarcely enunciated. The adherents of the ancient faith saw a monster of heresy and schism springing up in their midst. It was not for them to philosophize about freedom of conscience and liberty of

speech. The heresy which had crept into the church must be uprooted, radically, unmercifully. Driven from their homes, the innovators sought new lands, and reared for themselves new cities and a new church. There was no Poetry in the breasts of those stern fathers. As well might we look for its germ in the asceticism of Cato the Censor. Early education had not favored its development. The stern simplicity of the English Puritans was especially uncongenial to the tender plant. Poetry, the Fine Arts, even the gay colorings of the wardrobe, were condemned as evidences of vanity and want of genuine piety. And when they were denied the exercise of their religious rites, and exiled to a wild and unknown land, is it strange that Poetry was farthest from their thoughts? The imagination had been, as it were, unseated, ideality rendered dormant by long neglect. Tyranny, with its galling scourge, had driven from their minds the elegance and refinement of educated life, had left but a bruised and wounded spirit, which recovered itself only to encounter the hardships, and endure the privations of life in a new world. They were now called upon to exercise, not their imaginative faculties, but their brawny arms, unwavering faith, and patient endurance. Their situation permitted no indulgence in sportive fancy and ideal creations. They were no castle-builders—those stern Fathers. There were among them no love-lorn swains, to pour out their heart emotions in nightly sonnets. Their thoughts were upon other themes. Mighty forests were to be leveled, homes to be erected, temples reared in the wilderness to Him who had directed their footsteps to the land of promise. Nor was their task ended when the fields had been enclosed, the forests leveled, and the Red man driven to the West. Tyranny, not content with their expatriation, followed them with her exactions to their forest home. The expulsion of the invaders exhausted their treasures, depopulated their firesides and left them victorious, but prostrate. It is not at this time, surely, that we should look for the influence of the muses. As well might we seek the delicate stem of the Prairie flower among the yet smouldering embers of yesterday's conflagration; the melody of the woodland songstress

when death has bereft her of her mate. The great men of that age burned no midnight oil in poring over the musty folios of classic lore, in bringing to light the hidden wealth of Literature's great cabinet. The materials for a vast structure lay before them. It required no mediocre abilities, no common perseverance and ingenuity, no enfeebled and divided energies, to construct the plan for so grand an edifice, to accurately adjust each block, to give to each its fitting position, and preserve harmony in its every detail. That it was erected, and that it continues to exist, the proudest monument of the eighteenth century, proves to us that the men of that age did not lack talents of the highest order, energy unsurpassed, patriotism unequalled in intensity and devotion. The growth and cultivation of Poetry, then, we say, was retarded, not by want of ability on the part of our countrymen, but by physical disabilities and unpropitious circumstances.

But, since tranquility has visited our borders, peace and plenty abound, and our government has been rendered stable by age and success, it may be asked why our country has produced so few Poets whose names are heard beyond the boundaries of their native soil, and whose works are spoken of otherwise than in derision? Go to our crowded cities and ask of the millionaire; visit the marble palaces, the stately, glittering storehouses, and the mammoth harbors which line our coast; or, cast your eye Westward, where a "vast illimitable waste" stretches away to the Pacific. These, all these will tell you this, that

"Mammon—greatest God below the skies,"

has usurped the chief place in the American heart, and exercises a control as tyrannical as it is unrestrained. He has demanded and obtained as his prerogative the undivided half of American talent, energy and ambition. The moving principle in our government policy is extension of territory. Lesser communities and individuals, allured by national success, make the accumulation of wealth their one loved object. Poetry dwells not in the Broker's office, never lurks in the coffers of the Merchant Prince, seldom frequents the abode

of the Parvenue. Imagination and avarice, fancy and gilded ambition, ideality and fashion, were never boon companions, have naught in common. The presence of the one presupposes the other absent.*

But there is another cause of our present Poetical inferiority. It has its birth in the very nature of our national institutions, religious, educational and political. Our institutions are all of them essentially Republican. Hereditary rank, title and birth, are ignored by legislative enactment and social acquiescence. All are placed upon the same footing. The ancient landmarks are effaced, the ancient barriers thrown down, and no qualification but ability is demanded for admission into the society of the great. In former times and in older countries, rank, courtly favor and wealth, were the stepping-stones to political distinction, and they were few in number who overleaped the artificial barriers interposed by these requisites, and placed themselves beside the representatives of ancient houses. Hence it was that the untitled man of genius, hopeless of obtaining political preferment, devoted himself to letters, or gave the reins to his fancy, while titled intellect was devoted to public life, because it opened a more brilliant field than literature for him who had received fortune from his ancestors, and wanted only fame.

In our own country, universal equality has made political aspirants of us all, or nearly so. The Constitution guarantees to every man the *right* to hold the reins of government, and each one stretches forth his hand to grasp them. And *all* our institutions are based upon this one great principle of human equality, so that all our social relations, educational and religious surroundings, foster ambition, and direct it to the attainment of power.

Thus it happens, that, in the race for wealth and political distinction, the fields of Literature, and particularly the domains of Poetry, are comparatively neglected.

* Does not our Contributor take too broad ground in this paragraph? Does he not overlook the connection between Wealth and Refinement, in Literature as well as Life? Has he not forgotten such names as those of Lawrence, Grinnell, Astor—Irving's intimate friend, Sprague—the Banker Author, and Bryant?—Eps.

Our Western world is rich in themes. The moonlit bay, the dreamy headland, the vine-topped hill, the glittering snow-capped mountains of Italy, are all to be found in our own dear land. The loveliness of the Arcadian landscape, the wild grandeur of the Switzer Alps, and the pastoral beauties of Kerry, all these dwell among us. The Romance of a newly discovered race remains almost unsung. The monuments of their ancient splendor, the mausoleums of their bygone kings, the varied legends of their checkered history; all these present to the Poet a priceless and inexhaustible storehouse of untouched wealth. The sun shines upon no land more teeming with Romance, more fraught with food for Poetic inspiration.

When the powers that be shall have occupied the whole Continent, when there is no more territory to be annexed, then we may hope for a reaction, national and individual, and a new direction to the genius and taste of our many gifted sons. Then we shall have a literary millenium, when the muses will smile upon our efforts, and America assume in Poetry the position she so deservedly holds in political power and social advancement.

WEALTH VERSUS POVERTY.

To argue a point, or to make an assertion, directly at variance with the established opinion of the community in which one happens to be, is at all times daring, and for a young writer, sometimes presumptuous. But to take the opposite view of a subject which strikes deeply into the feelings of that community, and in many cases is applicable to individual members thereof, is to become at once the center of attraction, at which are directed all the arguments which a united and unanimous opinion can suggest. It is analogous to rising like Luther in the face of public opinion, and proclaiming doctrines, which when put in practice, overturn long continued prejudices and usages, and are at war with cherished ideas which have taken deep root in their breasts. As preliminary to our attempted discussion, we wish to be

distinctly understood as entering upon such a dissertation, purely from a settled and disinterested conviction of the truth of the stand we are about to take; and it is our intention to endeavor to place in a more favorable light to the public, a class common to all Colleges, whom observation has taught us, has been unfairly dealt with, and certainly unappreciated. At the same time these remarks are not prompted by self-interest, or animosity to those, whose efforts to obtain an education, entitle them to respect and admiration, but by sympathy with the more favored in a pecuniary point of view, as oftentimes undeservedly blamed and censured.

The remark has become so common as to be almost proverbial, that the sons of rich and influential parents, are generally worthless members of society, and that the "bone and sinew" of our land, are those, whose fortunes and position depend upon their own exertions, or, in other words, self-made men. That such an idea of late years has obtained general credence, no one will attempt to deny; whether the result of observation and experience, or, the creation of the envious and illiterate, the good sense of all will determine. That such an assertion is caught up with eagerness, and insisted upon with severity by such, is an incontrovertible fact. Before attempting to disprove this assertion, let us briefly consider the reasons why this should naturally follow, glancing at a portion of the numberless obstacles in the way of wealthy young men, attaining eminence, honor, and especially morality, and the comparatively few which obstruct the path of the poor.

It is the aim of most persons to elevate themselves to such a social position, as to command the esteem, admiration, and respect, of their fellows. In a general sense, the accomplishment of this end seems dependent upon either wealth and influence, or talent and character. As a natural consequence, the wealthy young man chooses the former in many cases, without giving a thought to the latter. Being already in possession of these requisites, or at least prospectively, exertions to the cultivation of the others, are considered unnecessary. Led on by this delusive phantom, the most important advantages, which come almost into their grasp, without

an effort on their part, are suffered to glide away. This one idea, that wealth is the "all in all" in this world, is early instilled into their breasts, by sycophants and flatterers, until it becomes almost a part of themselves, and finally is so infused into their nature, as not to admit of a mental doubt. With such a dangerous basis to their character, is it so wonderful that many become a reproach to their name and family?

It is a truth generally admitted, that those endowed by nature with the greatest abilities, seldom make a proper use of them, and, relying too much upon their mental acumen, allow inferior minds, by diligent study and close observation, to surpass them. Equally true is it, though perhaps not so universally allowed, that youths of wealth are generally talented. Should any hesitation be felt in granting this assertion, observe the sons of monied men in the institutions of learning in the towns and cities of our land, and conviction must follow. Does not the consequence seem inevitable? They do not seize with avidity upon educational advantages, as they fail to appreciate them. Accustomed from earliest childhood, to schools and instructors; sent to the district academy, perhaps to keep them out of mischief, they acquire habits of idleness, which cling to them tenaciously through their school days. The "rod of birch" becomes inseparably connected with the idea of a lesson, so that when freed from its restraining influence, no incentive to study presents itself. Without the foundation and elements of an education, the latter part in their school days, are of but little utility, and are improved but little more than the earlier.

Temptations innumerable, arrayed in the most attractive guise, with all their subtle allurements and attractions, are placed in their way, to resist which, all the strength of matured and well formed character is necessary. With pleasure and ease in one scale of the balance, and industry and application in the other, what wonder is it if the latter rises? Would it not rather be surprising should the other course be adopted.

On the contrary, poverty is a shield and protection to vice and folly. If the poor are deprived, when young, of many

advantages, which are cast aside by the rich, at least, whatever that is profitable crosses their path, does not pass from them unimproved. The absence of early schooling, only prepares them for a full realization of the advantages accruing from an education, and their progress in study is so much the more rapid and thorough. Matured enough to appreciate learning when they enter upon a course of study, diligence and application soon make their appearance, as natural and certain consequences. Having no other choice, with none of the enticements of pleasure to fall back upon, their course of life lies perfectly plain and unobscured before them. Encouragement meets them upon every side, and aid and co-operation are offered simultaneously. With no enemies, whose insidious envy prompts reports derogatory to their characters, whose keenly pointed shafts so often blast and wither the prospects of the wealthy success and progress attend all their efforts. Not the least circumstance in their favor, results from being thrown on their own resources. That self-reliance, and a commendable independence, are engendered by the peculiar circumstances by which they are surrounded, every reflecting mind will at once concede. And that such qualities are desirable, and to be cultivated and encouraged, is likewise evident. Industry and perseverance are absolutely necessary to place them upon a level with their wealthier fellows, and this consideration of itself induces greater exertions.

Such being the difference in the training and culture of the subjects of our article, would not the most natural conclusion be, that poverty is more conducive to the attainment of position and eminence, than wealth? Yet we deny such a conclusion, and paradoxical as it may seem, affirm, that the majority of our greatest men are the sons of wealthy parents.

That the sons of poverty do reach a certain point in the scale of distinction, we do not deny, but beyond this they do not and cannot ordinarily go. From the very nature of their early life, they are disqualified for occupying such a position. Unless their native abilities exceed those of the generality of mankind, their sphere of action is of necessity limited. Not to disparage in the least, or cast any reflections upon, our self-made men, for whom we entertain the highest respect,

but to display the other side of the question, is our present aim, and when we say they cannot compete with their more favored neighbors, our authority is unquestionable.

One of the chief reasons perhaps, which has caused so much credit to be attached to the poor, is, that an indigent person is obliged to ascend the ladder so much higher, to become distinguished, than a rich one, from the fact of his being originally so much below them. When one poor man acquires a reputation, his name is seldom mentioned without an allusion to his former poverty, whereas in the case of an hundred rich men becoming eminent, the fact of their wealth would not be so much as considered, or have even a passing thought. A son often follows the profession of his father, but seldom does he acquire the same distinction, as his reputation is entirely overshadowed and lost in that of his father. Nor does this argue a want of ability on his part, for he must surpass entirely his father, to build up a reputation equal to his. If he does not accomplish this, he is considered at once as degenerate and worthless.

If what has been before said is true, and we sincerely believe it to be so, ought not a little more care be exercised in the treatment and opinion formed, of the wealthier class. Are they not entitled to some respect at our hands, as well as the poorer class. Ought not encouragement and assistance be extended them, and praiseworthy actions on their part, meet with our commendation. We fear our democratic ideas tend too much to the other extreme, and that a man must be poor to be appreciated. Our fear and dread of anything like aristocracy, lead us sometimes to a too great neglect of the wealthier class, and incline us to frown down their efforts. Such is not true democracy. Such is not in accordance with the spirit of our Constitution, and is manifestly at war with American Institutions.

MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony. [CYMBELINE.]

What is music? Is it merely the "science of harmonical sounds"? Or is it not rather, in a broader sense, whatever charms the soul through the sense of hearing, whether it be the human voice, or the ripple of the rivulet, the sweet-strained lyre, or the low murmur of a distant waterfall. No matter for a definition. The world is full of music. It pervades all nature. The merry laugh, the infant prattle, the voice of eloquence, are they not music? There is music even in stillness. When all nature is hushed in silence, music breathes o'er the deep. Amid the raging of the elements there is music. In the howling tempest and in the sighing breeze; in the roaring cataract, as it rushes madly down the rugged precipice, and in the trickling rill, dancing o'er its pebbly bed; in each and all of these there is music, which speaks to the heart, and awakens echoes slumbering there. Go forth at early dawn in the vernal season, and if thy soul be not dead to the voices of nature—if it but open its portals to the reception of outer charms, every hill and vale, every field and wood will discourse to thee sweet music. Here the feathered choir warble their merry matin song. There the busy bee, as from flower to flower it sips the nectared dew, hums its song of contentment. The song of the milk-maid, too, may chance to laden the breeze, or, the merry whistle of the plough-boy, as he goes forth to his daily toil. Should thy "heart in tune be found," sweetly will all these fall upon thine ear.

Go forth again at even tide, when "stilly twilight" throws a solemn yet pleasing hue on the face of nature, and woos the soul to thought sublime. Nature's vespers fall solemnly yet sweetly upon the ear. Tuned now to the minor key, the voices of declining day, soothe and solemnize the soul. Who has not felt the chastening influence of the lowing of herds as they

—— "wind slowly o'er the lea."

the bleating of flocks seeking their fold, or the plaintive notes of the Nightingale.

Aye, there is music in nature. In the creaking icebergs of the dreary north, and in the rustling palm-trees of the sunny south. Climb where the eagle builds her nest, and there *Æolian* melody is produced by the wind sporting among the rocks. Descend into the caverns of the earth, and there every step, every falling pebble, and every word spoken, awakens an echo. Leave now terrestrial scenes behind, and traverse yon starry heights, and thy soul will be ravished by the "music of the spheres."

Creation's birth-day was ushered in with a song of gladness, when "The stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Music is not more universal, than it is wonderful, in its effects. By it the warrior, upon the battle-field, is excited to deeds of noble daring. By it the turbulent passions are calmed in the breast of the maniac. By music the heart is made glad. By it tears are made to flow. The sweet strains of melody falling upon the ear of the dying Christian, lifts his soul above the enchantments of earth, and plumes its pinions for the heavenward flight. Ah! music will soothe the savage breast, raise the disconsolate in anguish, and enliven hopes for many a brighter day.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

That musical science ought to be cultivated, will appear from many considerations. Let us confine ourselves to a few thoughts in favor of the cultivation of vocal music.

1. It has a moral tendency. As before remarked, music has a wonderful effect upon the human mind; and when not associated with demoralising sentiments, its effect is always salutary; subduing the baser passions, and calling into exercise the finer feelings of the soul. He whose soul is moved by harmony, is not beyond the hope of redemption, no matter how steeped in vice and crime. We have the testimony

of one who, by a self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of degraded humanity, worthy of a Howard, has done much towards effecting a moral reformation among the wretched rabble of the "Five Points," that music is a reformer of the manners and morals of men. After a statement of facts showing the influence of music upon those degraded people, he says, "who does not see that music is thus exerting a powerful influence for the redemption of this district of vice and crime? Like the bird that carries to the desolate wilderness, seeds of fruits and flowers, till it blossoms like an Eden, so does music become the messenger of religion, purity and intelligence."

What a beautiful thought, that by an element so artless, so pleasing, so within the power of all to employ, so mighty a work may be at least facilitated! May we not presume that this is to be one of the combined agents by which the world will be evangelized, and the universal millennium ushered in!

2. Music should be cultivated as a means of *social* improvement. Whatever improves the morals cannot fail to have a favorable influence upon the social qualities of men. This is eminently true of music. There are few instrumentalities better adapted to refine the tastes, quicken the sensibilities, and fit an individual to enjoy, and contribute to the pleasures of society. We cannot but regret that "the good old times" have passed away when upon occasion the of asocial gathering, singing held a conspicuous part in the order of the evening, a custom, which, if re-adopted, would do away with much of the unprofitable gossip which is the bane of social life.

3. Music should be cultivated in view of its relation to religious worship. Singing is an indispensable part of the services of the sanctuary. Without it there would be wanting a very efficient means by which the soul is inspired with holy devotion, and brought into a fit frame to approach the Most High. What Christian, nay, who, whether Christian or not, has not felt the inspiration of a sacred song borne Heavenward from a whole congregation of devout worshippers, singing "with the spirit and with the understanding," the high praises of God! And on the other hand, who has

not had his mind distracted from its divine theme, and his ear offended by harsh discord in our church music? This part of divine worship, which so nearly assimilates the church militant to the church above, ought ever to be so conducted as to answer its high designs, viz:—to evoking the devotional power of the soul, and elevate it in holy aspirations, to brighter scenes above.

There is no discord in the music of Heaven. Every note there is harmony itself. Would you join that heavenly choir? then

“Throw from thy heart all discord,
Let it be attuned to love divine,
Immanuel’s name oft on thy lips, and ever in thy heart;
So shalt thou join in those superior strains,
When earthly music shall forever cease to vibrate on thy ear.”

OUR VACATION.

Every thing has its beginning and end. Such was the fate of our Christmas vacation. Once more then in our sanctum, do we take up our pen, which has been corroded by long disuse, and, amidst smoke and dust, try to converse with you through our beloved Collegian. Were we to carry out the promptings of our own inclination, we would refrain from writing, since vacations bear the same feature, and the description of one is the antitype of all; but they are noble institutions, and bright periods of a student’s life, and indeed we would be guilty of inadvertency, were we to omit to give an account of the vacation which is just ended—a vacation, too, which deserves a little more than passing notice, because it included our two great holidays, viz: Christmas and New Year. With this desire in view then, we sit down and scribble something, with puffs of tobacco smoke as our interlude, and inspiring us with freshness and imagination.

Remember, gentle readers, that it was you that enjoyed yourselves, and it is we that are trying to paint the panorama of your pleasures, so don’t be hypercritical, if, by slip of the brush, we should put a wrong or superfluous touch to

the picture. It is not our intention to give an account of each individual's vacation; it is no business of ours to be prying into others' affairs. Who cares, whether they had sleigh rides, parties, twilight meetings or *tête-à-têtes* with their lady loves. Suffice it to say, they all enjoyed themselves, if we should judge from their pleasant and contented countenances, which we could not help noticing, as we shook hands with them on their return. The vacation came just in season. It was a wholesome antidote to the hard study of the preceding fourteen weeks. It was long enough for one to have the whole scope of enjoyment and ease, and yet it was not so long as to make it tedious.

But the vacation in Gambier. Think not, dear fellow students, you, who went home, who visited parents and friends, whose time was made agreeable by the attention of loved ones, and whose home was transformed into a paradise for the occasion, in order to make you feel that,

"Mid pleasures, and palaces, wherever you roam,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

Think not, I say, that it was a misfortune to us who were obliged to remain here. Indeed our time was delightfully spent, and those who thought that vacation on "this hill" would be a "bore," were agreeably disappointed. To be sure, we had not the same field for enjoyment as you had, but if our pleasures and diversions should be put in one scale of the balance, and yours in the other, ours will not "kick the beam." To the credit of the Gambier ladies, be it mentioned, they were not insensible to the loneliness of the students, and they, with their usual magnanimity, opened their houses to them, where with smiles, condolences, and friendliness, warm yet clothed in maidenly modesty, they rendered their evenings happy and profitable.

The first feature of our vacation, was the breakfast at 8 and sometimes 9 A. M. In vain did our landlords and landladies remonstrate against our keeping them waiting. Our hearts and consciences were under too thick a coat of mail, the love of morning naps, to be penetrated by such keen remarks, and obdurate to their bitter wish "that term would

begin again." We understand, some of our boarding houses tried the experiment of having two meals a day during vacation. We know not whether this temporary innovation was adopted for the benefit of their boarders, who, they thought, did not need as much for the inner man, or whose overgrown *corpus* suggested the necessity of a diminished fare, or that skating and other amusements could take the place of a third meal, or indeed that helping the ladies in the benevolent work of church dressing, could be substituted for bread and butter. How noble the object might be, it failed in some cases, and the old routine, after a day's suspension, was formally reinstituted, to the great gratification of some, who, no doubt, discovered that two meals a day were inefficient to bear them up in the arduous task of breaking greens and—and—ladies' hearts.

Gambier citizens are always patriotic and church loving, and this latter quality was shown by a party volunteering to go to the cave to gather greens with which to adorn the chapel. The journey to the cave, including their trials, privations, sufferings, of cold and hunger, was analogous to the adventure of Knight Red-cross in the Fairy Queen, and in the hand of a ready poet could be made into as romantic and interesting a story. They worked hard, we heard, and acted bravely, but received no testimonial of their deeds, except the smiles of ladies, who, though said not in words, showed by the expression of their countenance, "How good! how noble!" Their travel to the cave, in such sleighs and on such roads, as greatly endangered their vertebræ, their hardships, wearinesses, and achings of arms, were more than compensated by such greetings as these; and, we vouch, they would as readily go again, notwithstanding its attendant perils, for these fair ones. Our young ladies and gentlemen worked hard about a week. We were not there ourselves, but only heard, that the basement, for the time being, was the centre of "*attraction*"—not "*gravity*," for there was anything but gravity there—and that our fellow students found more pleasure during that week, than in any other gathering held in that basement. The season was unusually gay and lively, and why should it not be so, when so many intelligent

ladies and gentlemen were thus congregated—nay, had such delightful tête à têtes together. We did not keep an account of flirtations, love-makings, heart-burnings, and heart-breakings. Oh, ye ladies, have you any idea how a sweet smile, a slight pressure of the velvet tapered hand, or even a bewitching look from you, sends an electric thrill through the hearts of your beaux, and, as it were, transports them to the land of bliss. These nimble fascinations untie their heart-strings, and open to them a world never before conceived. A walk home with you, is to them, a greater pleasure than to be introduced to kings and queens, and an invitation to “call soon,” couched in such melodious and sweet tones, a greater charm than an invitation to the house of princes. But, we forbear to say more. Cast off young men like we are, ought not to speculate upon sentimental things. The chapel looks beautifully. It is equal, if not superior, to the dressing of last year. The artistic skill of the designers, and the fine taste and neat work of the adorners, cannot be too highly praised.

From the scene of church trimming, the students retired to their lonely rooms, and it was *then* they began to feel the solitude of Gambier life, and the monotony and weariness of vacation. The contrast could not but be striking, and no doubt our fellow students felt their spirits suddenly depressed, as before they were raised to the highest pinnacle of bliss, by the fascinations of lady friends and the gay circle of the basement. The college once more reposed in the deep shroud of silence. No more was heard the college bell, which, though sometimes suggestive of unpleasant consequences to ourselves, yet cannot fail to stir up our musical faculties, and produce a soothing sensation upon the mind of a civilized person. These features were, of course, characteristic of the whole vacation; but it was *now* they began to be significant, as we in our rooms had “nothing to do.” If we had time, we would like to enter into a minute account of our life in our rooms—how each one drew out his tedious life, and how various contrivances, known only to students, were hackneyed to suit each individual case, to kill time. The concerts in town drew away a number of students. Some

attentive young gentlemen got up a sleighing party, and with their usual politeness, invited the young ladies to join the excursion. Of course, there was nothing but bright anticipations, and pleasant prospects in store for the coming occasion. The idea of riding side by side in close contact, the paying toll, and the "fun" in town, cannot but be interesting to all parties. Then the pairing off, the undertone conversation, and the timid murmuring of answer and reply, cannot but be charming. We were sorry the party was bitterly disappointed, for the watery elements came dancing polkas and cotillions in the air, and prevented the expedition, and marred the pleasant anticipations. Doubtless the members of that memorable party were in despair, and retired that night thinking over the pleasures they never enjoyed, and gossiping over what would have happened had they gone. The only person that was benefitted, we understood, was the "hartist in 'air," who pocketed the fee with a grin, for curling the beautiful wigs of some of the gentlemen, expressly for the sleighing occasion, in order to display their well formed heads to better advantage to the eyes of the appreciating ladies. But "love's labor was lost," on account of the inclemency of the weather, which straightened those bewitching and lovely curls in a short time, unadmired and unseen by the public in general.

The weather, during the first part of the vacation, was cold. There were occasional snow storms, which, instead of desolating the scene, rather increased the beauty of the surrounding country. The fields were clothed in a beautiful white sheet, and the branches of trees bowed gracefully with their incumbent weight of icicles. Our pen will fail of its power to describe the charming scene, when the morning sun shone on the hills and dales, daguerreotyping upon the eye pictures of grandeur and sublimity. The new year opened with peculiar charms. Above, was the canopy of blue sky, checkered with usual tints which seemed like fissures, to vivify the heavenly picture; and below was the pure sheet of frozen snow—all of which conspired to heighten the charms to the beholder; and as the sun poured out his dazzling rays,

and bathed in deep canopy of joy both land and sea, it seemed to tell the trees

"To shout,
And let their leafy banners out,"

to welcome the festive day.

No sooner was the sun high up in the sky, than the young gentlemen began to pour out from their rooms in numbers of two and three, to pay their compliments to the ladies. Their external appearance showed they took more than usual care in their toilet. The black broadcloth suit, which hung, for a long time, lazily in the wardrobe, was suffered to see sunshine to-day; extra sprinklings of cologne and frangipanni, afforded sufficient evidence that our village merchant imported more than a usual quantity of those perfumeries directly from France. The Gambier ladies were all in smiles. They received the visitors with much politeness and pleasantness. New students, through the kindness of older residents, were initiated into the Gambier society—a fact long to be remembered. Every one enjoyed himself, and indeed it could not be otherwise, when he was received with cordiality wherever he went; while all expressions of friendliness and kindness, of which each had a share, proved that those who spent the day like book-worms, missed an unusual treat and source of happiness.

Pardon us, if we have left an interesting and important piece of news to this last moment, viz: the initiation of one of our friends of the class '59, into the mystical association of married life. We were not invited, and, we understand, not even any of his own classmates, and therefore it was no wonder we had almost forgotten the fact; nor indeed is the remembrance of any more advantage than just to enable us to give the bare mention of the fact. May their honey moon be as sweet as their wedding "cake," and their united path be strewn with flowers of happiness, joy, and peace.

Thus ended our Christmas vacation. Our bodies are strengthened, and our minds invigorated. Welcome then books, and welcome duties, provided you deal with us gently. And now, patient readers, you who have followed us through

the labyrinths of this scribbling, our ink is used up, our pen is dulled, and our subject matter is exhausted. Allow us, then, to bid you good night, while we light our meerschaum and smoke "the pipe of peace."

"HE BUILDS TOO LOW, WHO BUILDS BENEATH THE SKIES."

A maiden fair looks out on a sky,
Whose stars are more dim than her beaming eye;
She thinks of the blessings that make life bright,
And numbers them all by the stars of night :
And the stars shine on.

A bold, brave youth looks out on the sky,
His hopes are bright, and his aims are high,
He looks thro' the veil o'er the future drawn—
From a stormy night to a splendid dawn :
And the stars shine on.

A woman pale looks out on the sky,
With an aching heart, and a brimming eye,
Her treasures, many as the stars of heaven,
Have one by one from her grasp been riven :
And the stars shine on.

A careworn man looks out to see
If the skies are bright as they used to be,
When only his hope with their light could vie,
Ah ! the hope he trusted has proved a lie :
And the stars shine on.

Unchanging they shine on this world of ours,
On its springing buds and its fading flowers,
New loves, new hopes in our hearts have birth,
But perish ere long like the flowers of earth :
And the stars shine on.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS COLONIAL
ENTERPRISES.

The world is not always in condition to develop to perfection splendid characters, nor is every age fitted to ripen a harvest of great men.

Centuries of inanition and centuries pregnant with greatness, seem to alternate like the seasons. The war of Troy, and the Argonautic expedition, are events whose dim outlines, looming up in the far past, point out to us one century of the latter kind in ancient times, to which the 15th and 16th centuries furnish a parallel in modern ages. The reckless enterprise, the curious commingling of warlike and peaceful exploits—the very genius of adventure, restless, tireless, with a heart ready for any daring, a wing plumed for any flight—all conspired to render this period one of the greatest in its characters and deeds, in the world's history. That period was America's *Heroic Age*, and abounds in characters of striking interest.

Most of the history of early colonization in this country, has been very minutely and frequently discussed. Columbus, Cabot, Vespucci, and our own early colonists and their works, are very generally known. But near a hundred years of effort at colonization, after Columbus, and previous to Jamestown, though important, and at this time engrossing, because unsuccessful, have almost passed out of mind, and names worthy of note are comparatively little spoken of. To recall to our thoughts one such noble name and his efforts, may not be unworthy of a brief article.

Before the consideration of Raleigh's colonial enterprises, we should strive to get a proper idea of the state of the Western world, when he began. Spain had discovered and appropriated the West Indies. From those golden lands that fringed for thousands of miles the borders of the Mexican and Carribean Seas, and the gem-like islands that dance upon those glassy waters in perpetual spring, bloody swords had carved for her a larger empire than all she had possessed before. All that vast bosom opening backward from the Orinoco to Florida, she claimed as her own; and from thence

sailed regularly, at stated seasons, to Spain, fleets of galleons freighted with precious metals, and other excellent products. On the North, Champlain, and others, had early taken possession of the St. Lawrence for France, had raised a pillar crowned with her arms, had fixed upon Montreal as the site of a future city, and upon the rock of Quebec as the place for a future fortress, while at these places a small remnant of French Catholics, wasted with care, want, and the rigors of an austere climate, were wearing away an impatient exile.

But this was the extent of European colonization. Those rich Spanish dependencies on the South, and those barren outposts of French enterprise on the North, embraced the whole. All between was a wilderness. The doubtful mariner, as he warily followed that magnificent ocean current, the highway of nations, that now sweeps up our Eastern shore, seemed threading his way along a land of mystery—and coasts now studded with great and opulent cities, alive with the hum of busy industry, were then only unbroken forests and perpetual silence. What mountains of gold, what gardens of Paradise, what springs of unfading youth, might lie hid deep in those wonderful shades!

It was an age of romance. The splendid vegetation, the breezes loaded with perfumes, the golden stories of Mexico, of Peru, even the very sight of a land thus unbroken, stretching along the ocean, from the tropic to the pole, fired the imagination and raised hopes the most fanciful.

Such was the position of affairs in 1584, when Sir Walter Raleigh assumed the lead in the colonial schemes of his country. Gifted, energetic, liberal, sanguine, a favorite at court and with the nation, he seemed just the man for such bold enterprises. A patent was obtained, and a fleet for preparatory exploration sent out. It was June when they reached the wished-for land, what is now the shore of North Carolina. And what a contrast was the scene which here met their view, to that "wild New England shore" that forty years later greeted the eyes of the Plymouth Pilgrims! The storms which have since been found to render those shallow archipelagoes for the most part impracticable for commerce, were at that season at rest. The "hundred isles of Caro-

line" then, as now, slept calmly upon the silvery sea. The stately forests filled with birds of every wing, and loading the air with delicious odors, carried delight and admiration to every heart. The woods were filled with wild grapes, and the virgin soil pushed to maturity a rank growth of vegetation. Intoxicated with what they beheld, these amateur explorers were ready on their return to declare Virginia to be the fairest land beneath the sun. It was enough. Soon ships were collected, provisioned, manned, and speedily ploughing their way across the Atlantic, with the little community on board, designed, but not destined, to found an English colonial empire in the New World. The colony pitched upon an island at the mouth of the Roanoke, landed their property and dismissed their ship. Setting to work immediately, they built a fort, erected dwellings, and for a while prosecuted the work of exploration with commendable alacrity. Soon, however, the thirst for gold, the prevailing mania of the times, overcame everything else. Care, inquiry, anxious search for this, engrossed their thoughts and their time. The wily savages, glad to rid themselves of such troublesome neighbors by any means, amused them with the story of a fountain at the source of the Roanoke, so near the Pacific, that the surging waves of the ocean sometimes tossed their spray over into its placid bosom, around which the earth was yellow with gold, and the streams brilliant with pearls.

In the vain search for this imaginary region, they expended the summer, and when it was not found, visited their disappointment on the crafty natives by open violence. These in turn withheld their accustomed supplies, and thus the colony was soon on the brink of famine. Their stores were exhausted, their hearts in despair, and they just ready to disperse themselves like fugitives through the country, with the hope of thus avoiding starvation; when all at once a sound of joy was heard from the beach—a fleet! a fleet! Hurrying to their quay, they beheld the sea covered with sail, and soon to their great joy Sir Francis Drake, second circumnavigator of the globe, dropped anchor in their harbor. But almost immediately, a storm arising, wrecked the ships and

store of provisions which he had set apart for their use, and the colonists weary of the wilderness, longing for the luxuries of their native cities, and seized with a fresh panic, begged the Admiral to take them aboard, and convey them back to England. Thus in about a year from the time they had set foot on American soil, they embarked again, effecting on their return what was perhaps the most important result of the whole enterprise—the introduction into Europe of *tobacco*, the use of which filthy weed became henceforth as general among civilized nations, as it was already among the savages of the Western forest. A few days more of courage and patience, would have saved the infant settlement from abandonment, for scarcely had the sails which wafted them away sunk below the horizon, when other ships arrived on the coast, bearing abundant provision and necessities, sent by Raleigh for the relief of his colony. It was too late. They had deserted their post. The ships with their store of provisions and farm utensils returned to England, and this great enterprise, whence so much had been expected, proved an entire failure.

Nothing discouraged, however, Raleigh in the following year fitted and sent out still another expedition for his Virginia estates, still more complete. With it was embarked *woman*, with her gentle influences, to cheer and mitigate the ruggedness of pioneer life, and childhood with its mirth and mischief, to give the semblance of home to the rude habitations of the wilderness. They disembarked once more at Roanoke, and repaired the deserted town. But why recount the events that conducted this second expedition to its sad and mysterious fate. It was three years before England, then struggling for life against the far-famed invincible Armada, could send succor to a land almost forgotten in the melee of deadly strife; and when at last the vessel bearing relief arrived and sailed into the harbor, it found no familiar face, no friendly flag waving to welcome it. The town was without an inhabitant, the fort desolate, men, women, children gone. The colony, in short, was swallowed up in oblivion. History has not been, and probably will never be able to recall a single whisper from that distant period, to tell us

of their fate. Whether they pined away with famine, or fell under the merciless club of the savage, or whether, as some have conjectured, forsaken by their friends at home, and driven to despair, they may not have joined, become assimilated to, and lost in some of the Aboriginal tribes, will probably never be known. Certain it is, the colony was no more. After a brief survey of the island, the ship turned its prow sadly to the sea and bore back to England, the last contribution of the brilliant but unfortunate Raleigh to the colonization of the New World.

It is true, those voyages, planned and supported by him, produced good results in the spread of much needed information, and in the great increase of interest in reference to the true character of the North American continent, and led a few years later to that powerful combination of wealth and talent, which planted successfully the colony at Jamestown. But, for the building up for himself a great estate in the West, and obtaining wealth and power by this means—the object which he had especially in view in undertaking them—they were a complete failure. Fit prelude, indeed, to the finale of his life! Pet of the court, favorite of the people, gallant defender of his country against Spain, distinguished in statesmanship, in letters, in enterprises, he was destined to meet his fate upon the scaffold. Yet after ages never mention his name without interest. True, in his expedition to Guiana he appeared unscrupulous and cruel, but this was an almost universal vice in those fierce, buccaneering ages. He was wild, reckless, overbearing, sometimes, but he was also generous, gallant, persevering, qualities which men admire even when mingled with faults. We cannot, indeed, see shining forth in his life and character, that sternness of principle, that disinterestedness of action, which add such peerless lustre to the memory of the great, yet America at least can never forget the name and exploits of him who was the early, munificent, and persevering patron of the earliest attempt made to plant civilization within her borders.

RELATION OF POETRY TO ART.

The present century has seen a great advance in the cultivation of the intellect. On every side we see evidences of this progress. In scientific knowledge, no age has witnessed so rapid a transition from a state of darkness to light. In general education, too, the rapid improvement is not confined to our own country, but in every land under the sun, from the ignorant Bechuanas in South Africa, to the powerful English and Germans, is felt its ennobling influence.

But while we mark this immense improvement in the cultivation of the intellect, should we view the mind from another point, we would see in that direction a proportionate decline. It appears that poetry and art have now almost finished their course in the development of the human race; or that they are now about to change from their former objects, and minister to the cold intellectual investigations of science. Go where we will, this universal change or decline in poetry and the arts is to be noticed. In both departments, the old object, of affecting the emotions, is gone, and in its place is substituted that of clearing up metaphysical subtilities or praising the conquests of science. The old means of influencing the world are now forever gone,—superstition, passion, ignorance—and with them have departed the cultivation of poetry and arts. That they now die together, and that they have lived together, is sufficient to show their relation—let us examine in what this relation consists.

And first let us look at them in connection with the mind. That which would first strike us as common to both, and as their foundation, is the imagination. It is evident that without it neither could exist. It re-produces and re-forms all the striking pictures of scenery which have passed before our eyes. It produces combinations of thought impossible in the life, but beautiful to the fancy of the hearer or beholder. It is a tall monument in the midst of a low plain, when compared with the other mental faculties with which it is surrounded. Without this power of combination and conception

then, neither poetry nor arts could exist; for on the striking and unique their effect depends.

Another faculty essential to both, is taste or judgment—the proper arrangement of the different parts of a piece, so as to strike the sense of the observer most pleasantly. However beautiful the particular parts of a poem or painting may be, when these parts are out of proportion, or badly arranged, the works of art themselves will not appear well; far otherwise; the beauty of one part will only serve to lighten the ugliness of the other. Thus, in Athens two sculptors, in order to obtain a prize, strove as to which should construct the finest statue—the statue to be placed upon some high monument to adorn the city. While the one made his statue of colossal size, and was, on account of its ugliness, hooted by the people, the other received laudations on every side. His statue was decided to deserve the prize, and was placed upon the monument. But as it was gradually elevated, the people successively lost sight of eyes, mouth, forehead, and nose, until at the top it could not be distinguished from an ordinary ornament. It was taken down and the other one put in its place, where for years it stood, the glory of Athens. We thus see how necessary is judgment.

There is this difference, alone, between the two arts, as I shall now call them, that whereas the one admits only of the delineation of a single scene or action, the other may include any number, though even in poetry, brevity and unity, according to Edgar A. Poe, increase the effect. So closely, however, are art and poetry united that they often borrow scenes from each other. Thus the scenes of Homer's *Iliad* have a thousand times exercised the painter's skill, as on the other side, Michael Angelo's paintings have been made subjects for poetry.

Turning now to the history of the two sciences, we find that both of them arose at a period farther back than the memory of man can reach; that they both flourished among the Egyptians, and that they were even supposed to have received them from an anterior period. We find too, that they were equally carried to the greatest perfection in times of

the greatest superstition, and especially among superstitious nations. Thus in Greece, when every river and every forest abounded in spirits—when the mountains were made the homes of the gods, both painting and sculpture, as well as poetry, excelled all that has ever been done in these departments since; indeed, this supremacy is disputed by modern Italy, in regard to painting alone. But should we take the story of Zeuxis and Parrhasius as true, even in this, the Greeks were not excelled. Under one of his paintings Zeuxis boastfully wrote, "To be envied but not excelled." Parrhasius, though but a youth, was offended at the assumption, and contended with Zeuxis for the prize. At the time of decision, so faithfully had Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes that the birds tried to pluck them. Turning in triumph to Parrhasius' picture, which was nothing but a veil painted on the canvas, he said, "Come, pull off your veil and let us see your picture." In a moment he perceived his mistake, and said humbly, "The prize is yours. Zeuxis deceived birds, but you have deceived Zeuxis."

In a like degree these arts flourished in modern Rome—where Divinity had been multiplied into a vast number of Saints, Virgins, &c., and when all the science that was known, having fallen into the possession of the priestcraft, was used to work upon the fears, instead of cultivating the intellects of Rome's votaries. With the vast addition to scientific knowledge; with its dissemination among the people; with the education of man's individuality; and with his immense elevation in the social scale, we now see that poetry and the arts have greatly disappeared, as a motive power to work upon the masses; yet, while we regret that these noble results of the noblest faculty of man are no longer to be expected, we cannot but rejoice that, in superstition, our development has destroyed their cause.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE READABLE DICTIONARY, OR TOPICAL AND SYNONYMIC LEXICON : containing several thousands of the more useful Terms of the English Language, Classified by Subjects, and arranged according to their Affinities of Meaning ; with accompanying Etymologies, Definitions, and Illustrations. To which are added : I.—Lists of Foreign Terms and Phrases frequently occurring in English Books. II.—A Table of the Common Abbreviations. III.—An Alphabetical List of Latin and Greek Roots, with Derivatives. For the use of Schools and Private Students. By John Williams, A. M. Columbus, O.: M. C. Lilley.

Mr. William Gill, student at Milnor Hall, is local agent for the above work, and we would commend him to the patronage of students and citizens, leaving them to decide upon the merits of the work.

C. JULIUS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR : elucidated by English Notes, critical and explanatory, and illustrated by Maps, Plans of the Battles, Views, and a Lexicon of all the words contained in the text. By N. C. Brooks, A. M., President of the Baltimore Female College. First edition, 12mo., pp. 351. Published by A. S. Barnes & Burr, 51 and 53 John street, New York. 1859.

Could the school-masters of seventy-five or a hundred years ago, after a sort of Rip-Van-Winkle nap of that duration, again resume their stations and wield the birch as of old, we imagine there is nothing among the numberless improvements in education which would be more likely to open their heavy eyelids with astonishment than the wonderful change for the better which has taken place in our school books. We have been moved to this thought by the inspection of the beautiful school edition of Cæsar, above mentioned, which we think is altogether the finest edition of any classic author—edited for the purposes of elementary instruction—we have ever seen. It is printed on superior paper ; the type is clear and beautiful ; a concise and judicious life of Cæsar precedes the text ; before each "Liber" is a copious analysis of its contents ; the notes are full and give much interesting information ; a Lexicon of all the words of the text affords opportunity for reference and study when a larger Lexicon is not at hand ; and the book is profusely illustrated, containing a portrait of Cæsar, a fine map of Ancient Gaul, and numerous wood cuts of the battles, encampments, and incidents mentioned in the text, and of various ancient weapons, armor, and military paraphernalia ;—all of these are points of excellence which we have not time singly to remark and discuss. It will doubtless meet the ready sale which its superiority merits.

UNIVERSITY ALGEBRA : Embracing a logical development of the science, with numerous graded examples. By Charles Davies, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in Columbia College. 12mo., pp. 320. Published by A. S. Barnes & Burr, 51 and 53 John street, New York. 1859.

NEW ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA : embracing the first principles of the science. By Charles Davies, LL.D., Professor of higher mathematics, Columbia College. 12mo., pp. 299. Published by same firm as above.

It would seem over and above to say anything in commendation of the Mathematical works so generally used and appreciated, of the veteran author and teacher of the science, Dr. Davies. His Bourdon and Legendre have long been favorites with educators, while his series of Arithmetics is extensively used throughout the country.

The same close and accurate definition and rigid induction which mark the former works of Dr. Davies are readily recognized in these later volumes, while in them are doubtless incorporated the improvements which former experience in authorship and longer practice in the lecture room have suggested. The methods adopted in the discussion of the Binomial Theorem—a subject of some considerable difficulty to beginners in Algebra—are ingenious, and in many respects original, and tend, we think, to give a much clearer idea than that often attained by the student.

These volumes are noticeable for the neatness of typography and execution which mark the publications generally of Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Burr.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE—January, 1860. Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

The illustrated articles in this number of Harper are—Holidays in Costa Rica, by Thomas Francis Meagher—a pleasant rambling sketch; Rural Pictures, drawn by Porte Crayon—word-graphs and wood cuts of the Old Dominion; A Pipe of Tobacco—an entertaining article on the weed, in which instructive history is sandwiched with amusing anecdote. The remaining articles are—A Lay of the Danube; Mrs. Anthon's Christmas Present; The Poet's Secret; The Atoms of Chladni; Carlsbad on Crutches; Miss Vinton of Tallahassee; Behave Yourself; How the Snow Melted on Mt. Washington; The Three Great Voyages; The Battle of New Orleans—A Ballad of Louisiana; Tury : or, Three Stories in One; A Christmas Hymn; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Shadows Over the Way; The Inebriometer; Fashions for January. This number compares favorably with the best which have been issued of this periodical, and very appropriately inaugurates the new year of the Magazine.

HARPER'S WEEKLY. Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

THE WEEKLY begins the New Year under favorable auspices. The best writers and artists are engaged for its pages, and its large circulation attests the success of the efforts of its proprietors. It is, we suppose, the most popular illustrated paper published in America.

A STEADFAST PEOPLE THE PASTOR'S JOY AND CROWN. A Valedictory Sermon, preached in Trinity Church, Chicago, on Christmas night, Sunday, Dec. 25, 1859, by the Rev. Noah Hunt Schenck, A. M., Rector. Chicago. 1859.

Mr. Schenck, it will be noticed, has again changed his pastoral relations. His new field of labor is to be, we believe, Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, Md. Mr. Schenck, while stationed at Gambier, as Rector of Harcourt Parish, and Chaplain of Kenyon College, made many warm friends, both among the students and in the community, all of whom will be interested in his future, and will wish him kind wishes and successful labors in his new sphere of usefulness.

Mr. Schenck's discourse, above mentioned, is an affectionate and appropriate farewell to a people sometime connected to him by the peculiar ties of ministerial duty. Its tone is creditable, both to the pastor and to the congregation of Trinity Church.

THE GREAT PRINCIPLES OF THE GOSPEL. By Rev. J. W. Cracraft, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. Published by Henry B. Ashmead. 1859.

This little tract of Mr. Cracraft's aims to place before the reader "the great principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as topics for prayerful consideration." We trust the earnest words of the writer may find place with him who reads, and that they may prove useful to many who may have lost sight of the great fundamental truths of religion.

Editors' Table.

SIX WEEKS OF SLEIGHING—a marvelous dispensation for muddy Gambier. But strange as it may seem, we have actually enjoyed about forty days of uninterrupted sleighing; and the delightful recollections connected with this “cold term” are still so fresh in our mind, that we almost feel tempted to wish our readers “Happy New Year” a second time.

You undoubtedly all enjoyed yourselves wonderfully during the vacation, and, in anticipation of a bountiful store of holiday gifts, vowed that if your hopes were realized, you would drop an extra quarter on the plate at the next Missionary collection for the Feejee Islanders, or lavish a six-penny bit on the first beggar that accosted you, or *pay your subscription to the Collegian*. The last is certainly the best resolution you could have made, and we are now anxiously awaiting its fulfilment. We dislike exceedingly to mention such a disagreeable subject, but our necessities oblige us to complain, that the majority of our readers, as the delegates of old Santa Claus, have not carried out his commission, but forgotten us entirely; however, “A word to the wise.”

Sitting by our cheerful fire the other night, as the storm without howled desolately, we drew nearer the bright blaze, laid our book aside, and were soon lost in meditation. Pleasant memories and flattering prospects mingled harmoniously. Absent faces seemed present, and for a moment we were transported to former scenes. But the old oaks that surround our sanctum responded drearily to the Winter's blast and played a mournful accompaniment to our light reveries. Cheerfulness gradually gave way to thoughtful melancholy, as gust after gust seemed to bear in its swift course tales of sadness—of other hearts which answered sorrowfully to the power that stirred them. This sad music of the storm led us for a moment to forget the comforts and pleasures which every day mingles with its sterner duties, and to give a passing thought to the multitude, who at this inclement season feel that poverty's cloak pinches more tightly than ever—of others, who, abounding in all that wealth procures, are dropping a tear for losses which wealth can not recompense—of the tender-hearted mother whose anxieties for a wayward child, risking, perhaps, his fortune on the treacherous deep, ever increased as the Ice King holds his yearly reign—of some to whom the ringing out of the Old Year sounds as a sad requiem to all their earthly joys, and the merry chimes of the New, as a mocking to all their gay anticipations. And thus the storm was leading us onward, giving a glimpse of desolation in this corner of the world, and a picture of still more somber hue in that; all nature seeming attired in modest half-mourning, when, a

sudden touch on the shoulder, and, "A penny for your thoughts," roused the dreamer to the realization that before him lay a Notice of an Auction, which, as some of our readers are fond of making safe investments, we insert, promising to explain any of the terms which are unintelligible: for the nicety in definition and elegance of expression, however, of every portion of the notice, we are not responsible:

(Advertisement Extra.)

SALE BY AUCTION.

Auction Mart, No. 10 Air Street—By Gregory Thomas Bo(ur)re & Co., Auctioneers of the 8th inst., will be sold without reservation,

All the "Valuable Stock" and "Property" of the late Sir Gabriel Gulbrain, Knight, Antiquarian, Magician, and Astrologer, consisting of the most precious rare Antiquities, the most purely peerless old Manuscripts, the most curiously wrought Magical Instruments, and Astrological Apparatus, with Apagogical Deductions from Celestial and Terrestrial Auguries; besides a collection of the Choicest other Rarities, which for beauty, and elegance, and utility, by far "out"-excel anything ever yet offered to a wondering public; to be disposed of under the hammer in lots to the lowest bidder, and not otherwise, as follows:

LOT I. The key of the door of Noah's Ark, and the left wing of the Dove he sent out to reconnoitre. One of the Serpent's teeth that tempted Eve, and the soles of Adam's first pair of shoes. The seven Comets, first noticed in the Hindoo Chronologies, at least twenty millions of years ago; two of them with beards and two without, and the other three with three tails, which latter it is supposed must have come from Turkey; *malgre* their being so old, they are as fresh as when they were first caught. Also, the trap in which these comets were taken, in fine preservation.

LOT II. The Codicil to Esculapius's Will, in manuscript Hieroglyphics, which no one can decipher or explain, rendered in Hexameters; supposed a specific for the Gout! Old Mother Lawson's Note Book, with marginal symbols. The Witch of Endor's Cabalistical Dictionary, bound in Moonshine! with an immense quantity of Omens, Prophecies, Signs, Tokens, Warnings, Charms, &c., &c., &c. The very celebrated Thorntome-he-in Charm of A B R A C A D A B R A is included in this lot, which is expected to excite intense bidding; ergo the hammer will not fall "hastily," be it understood!!!

LOT III. A perfect and complete set of Magical Machinery for raising Spirits, Ghosts, Goblins, Sprites, Spectres, and Apparitions, with or without Infernal Agency! Moses' Rod, tipped with night shade. A Spectrometer made of witchyew, for regulating apparitional processes, &c., &c. Jupiter's Belt, and Saturn's Ring, both preserved in the extract of the ethereal essence of Mucilaginous Vapour. The "TUBA DUPLICATALIS," or Double Speaking Trumpet, constructed of the horns of the first bull sacrificed to Jupiter, through which Sir Gabriel was wont to question the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and receive their answers, on all momentous occasions, &c., with sundry other equally extraordinary articles, in small lots; amongst the rest, a great quantity of Will-o'-the-wisps, with an entire nest of young ones!!!

N. B. The sale will commence at the witching hour of 12 o'clock, midnight. Catalogues, 3 cents each—any night after the sale at the Auction Rooms—may be had in blank pages, stitched.

As an accompaniment to the foregoing is a scrap from, we should judge, the pen of a highly gifted correspondent. He is rather peculiar in selecting titles for his productions, and heads the present effusion—

FROM THE CHRONICLER'S "PROSPECTIVE GLASSE TO LOOKE
INTO HEAVEN." 1618.

The gates of wh. most holy habitation.
Are peerless of peerless price and valuation,
Whose wall is all of precious stones most pure,
Incomparably rich and strong t'endure:
There is that glorious paradise celestially,
Surpassing Adam's Paradise terrestrially,
Wherein are fluent oily rivers, currents,
Fair brooks of butter, and sweet honey torrents.

PINDAR.

AND in this romantic connection we would not forget the—

READING ROOM, which, as fast as carpenters, painters, and paper-hangers can make it, is changing its appearance, and before this goes to press, will undoubtedly be thrown open, (with great care to avoid any fatal catastrophe, which might arise from too large a multitude assembling at the same time,) to an admiring and astonished public. But while the Senior Class are doing all in their power to render this undertaking successful, and acceptable to all, and although their exertions have been kindly seconded by some, in the way of contributions, still quite a sum is yet lacking to bring the project to that degree of perfection which all desire. More furniture must be added to the room, and we ought to be able to lay upon our tables several publications which can only be obtained by direct subscription; we earnestly hope that the liberality which has prompted many will be emulated by all.

To the better understanding of the circumstances under which the Reading Room has been established, as well as the manner in which its affairs will be conducted, the following Articles of Agreement were presented and adopted by the Class:

1. That this room be called "The Kenyon Reading Room."
2. That it be under the control of the Senior Class.
3. That the President of the College be *ex officio* Superintendent of the Reading Room.
4. That a member of the Senior Class be appointed each term Acting Superintendent, whose duty it shall be to take charge of all papers and periodicals, and exercise a general supervision during his term of office.
5. That the funds necessary to start the Reading Room be raised by subscription.

To which the following By-Laws were added:

1. The Reading Room shall be open one hour after dinner, and an hour and a half after tea, daily, (Sundays excepted) the particular time to be regulated by the Class to conform to College hours.
2. Smoking in the room will be prohibited under all circumstances.
3. No publications shall be removed from the room, or in any manner mutilated.
4. All conversation above a whisper is prohibited.
5. All matter directed to the Reading Room must be deposited there immediately upon its receipt.
6. The daily Censor shall have power to preserve order, and shall report any violation of these laws to the Class.
7. Any person guilty of violating these regulations shall be fined, or excluded from the privileges of the Reading Room, according to the decision of the Senior Class.

It has often been amusing to us, to notice the change which even a short vacation makes in the appearance of a student. We observed this particularly at the beginning of the present Term, when, after Christmas festivity, and New-Year visits, after shaking of hands and good-byes of kindred and friends, after some good advice, and a good many good wishes, the Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, were again collected together in College and Chapel, and the duties of Term-time were fairly begun.

Here is a student—call him a Junior by way of identity—whom, sleek and complacent in appearance, you would hardly recognise as the forlorn-looking youth who, three weeks before, meekly awaited at the Mt. Vernon station the home-bound train of cars. Then, with hair long, tangled, and lying on

his shoulders, or flying through the air; with haggard countenance, and eyes which told of—loss of sleep; with buttonless linen, geared together with pins and awkward stitches; with thread-bare coat and rusty "sandal shoon." Now, clad in glossy broad-cloth and in unimpeachable linen; with polished boots and hair clipped to the last standard of fashion; with ruddy face and self-possessed mien. Surely a three-week's vacation has done wonders.

So it is with other classes. Freshmen, we have sometimes thought, are especially spruce on their return from the first vacation of their course. Here is one. Father and Mother, unaccustomed as yet to his absence, are rejoiced to see him once more. The child (Freshman be it understood, *sub rosa*, has during the last term acquired the accomplishment of smoking, and on his route home, has perhaps imbibed his initial cocktail, both of these conflicting somewhat with the healthy tone of his physical economy,) looks pale, and receives the usual parental chiding for studying too hard. Our friend does not deny the charge, but modestly speaks of the allurements and sublimity of intellectual pursuits, and the difficulty of pursuing them with moderation. Presently the attention of brothers and sisters is drawn to the golden hireoglyphic-covered Society badge, which dangles from his watch-gaurd, or is ostentatiously fastened with a brass pin to his coat-lappel. He volubly descants upon the superior merits of the Gnu-Cornion Association, whose badge it is, and mentions contemptuously the corresponding imbecility of their would-be rival, the Calamus-Ki-Teknian Society. He also mysteriously hints of the existence of a certain other peculiar and name-to-be-whispered-in-awe Society, to which he has as yet not attached himself, but his connection with which is to modify and influence his whole future existence. Everything connected with this association is palled in the blackest of mystery, and he lowers his voice as he touches upon the tremendous matter, until by a sort of sympathetic influence, the family-audience involuntarily loose their hold upon the clear day-light, and the free air and institutions of this grand Nineteenth Century, and are wafted somehow into the mood and atmosphere of dark and superstitious times, and think—the adults—of the Black Tribunal of Germany; the Inquisition; the Children of Bluebeard; Raw-Head-Bloody-Bones, and all sorts of juvenile horrors.

After Freshman has unburdened himself of these more important matters, the lesser treasures of his three months' College experience are uncasked. He regales the family at table, with the old jokes; the stories of scrapes and pranks, of Tutors outwitted and Faculty misled; with puns and witticisms; all of which, handed down from generation to generation, lie about in the crooks and old corners of College, like the worm-eaten and musty bedsteads in the basement, or old boots and oyster cans on the ash-heap, public property;—some sleep, kick and jingle in them yet, but, however, sadly deteriorated by time.

As vacation passes on he shouts out "Lauriger," for the edification of brothers and sisters, in real Campus style, and noticing the surprise and half-reverential air with which the Latin is received by them, to whom, the language is the badge of high-scholarship, it immediately becomes a favorite song with him, and is heard at all hours. It echoes at night from his bed-chamber, rings through the halls in the morning, and is hummed in mid-day at the dinner table. It is sometimes varied, too, with other classic College melodies, such as "Drink 'er down;" "Landlord," and "B-a-s-c-o."

Just as the vacation is perhaps two-thirds over, and parents and friends are beginning to think our youth, with his jokes, noisy songs, and pedantic airs, to be something of a bore, along come Freshman's first "Grades"—invariably laudatory—to keep up the illusion. After the formal statement of so-much in Latin, so-much in Greek, and so-much in Mathematics, the Patron adds a few lines in which Freshman is said to be "possessed of fine talents," "will make, with practice and industry, an excellent scholar," "is an honor to friends," "stands exceedingly high in the estimation of his teachers," &c., &c., all of which quite turns the heads of Father and Mother, and raises the boy, if possible, still farther in his own estimation. From thenceforth until vacation-end, he is treated as the scion of the family-stock, which is destined to flourish and extend its name and influence, perhaps—air-castles are not built with foot measures—throughout the world.

Is it wonderful that Freshman returns to College with exalted ideas of his own abilities and importance?

Freshman is, however, at heart, a clever fellow. His peculiarities at the early part of course, arise from a kind of callow goslingdom, through which he passes as a stage of his College experience. After a few more terms, you shall see him modest, self-reliant, but not impertinent. He has learned his relative position with reference to his fellow students, has measured his abilities with theirs. He perhaps looks back with a smile at his early notions, and laughs good-humouredly at those who, now, unexperienced as he was, fall into the same absurdities,

"And passing onward day by day,
From long ago,
Laugh we at our words and way,
In long ago."

A WORD ABOUT BOARDING HOUSES.—It has long been a matter of surprise to us that there are so few boarding houses in Gambier. That more are needed, the experience of every one will testify to, for, with students at College, Grammar School, and Seminary, to the number of nearly, if not quite, two hundred, there are scarcely more boarding places, than when the Institution reached but half that number. To crowd a large number at one table, is at all times objectionable, and renders uncomfortable both landlord or landlady, and boarders. Decidedly the better plan is to limit the number to a dozen or twenty, thereby giving satisfaction to all parties. Students, above all others, require good, wholesome food. Their habits of life render this absolutely necessary to the enjoyment and preservation of health. Variety is not so much needed, as plain, well cooked, and healthful diet. And where from thirty to sixty are boarding at the same house, it is almost impossible, under the present order of things, to furnish such food. To be a good student, the condition of the physical system must not be neglected, and good board is far more essential than muscular exercise. It is certainly to the interest of the Institution that we should be attended to in this respect, and we feel that we are but giving utterance to the sentiments of many of our College mates, in delivering our opinion on the subject. In fact, it is of vital importance to the cause of education, that we should eat good, wholesome food, and we are surprised that our Faculty does not evince

some interest in this matter. Surely, it ought to use its influence to alleviate our condition in this respect, and far better, in our humble estimation, would it be for our Alma Mater, if, instead of making ineffectual attempts to enforce petty, ridiculous, and boarding-school rules and regulations, the Faculty would co-operate with us in establishing and maintaining more good boarding houses. Perhaps all may not have considered the subject in this light, but certain it is that many friends and patrons of the Institution are prevented from visiting us during Commencement, and other occasions, on account of the miserable railway connections and detentions to which they are liable in reaching Gambier, and the insufficient hotel and boarding house accommodations on "the Hill." Our remarks may offend some, but the concurrent opinion of all bears direct and conclusive testimony to their truth and justice.

THE many warm friends of Prof. Wharton welcomed him home from his European tour, on the evening of the third ult., in excellent health and spirits, and retaining his wonted good will for us all. His presence imparts new life to officers and students, and we all anticipate a rich participation in the intellectual proceeds of his visit to the Old World. Indeed, we have already enjoyed with him "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," in a lecture on "European Education," delivered by him in the College Chapel, on the Thursday morning after his arrival.

The subject was one eminently calculated to interest students, and we think we shall express the sentiments of the entire College when we say, that the hour devoted to the lecture was most agreeably and profitably spent.

He first spoke of the superiority of the English civil and political institutions over those of any other European country, and accounted for this superiority, mainly, from the influence of the *young men* of Parliament and the Universities. In England young men become statesmen from the time that they become students. They discuss, in the lyceum, questions of grave political importance, and step, at once, from the University into the House of Lords, there to carry into effect schemes of reform already conceived and debated. Thus it happens that "in England there has been *reform* without *revolution*, while in every other country of Europe there have been *revolutions* without *reform*."

The lecturer next spoke of the German Universities—those institutions about which students are wont to harp so much. We need not say that his description of those venerated seats of learning, Meerschaums and Lager Beer, does not at all comport with our preconceived opinions respecting them. First, with reference to the buildings, lecture rooms, grounds, etc., they are strikingly inferior, in every respect, to the like accommodations of our second rate colleges. The principal lecture room at Heidelburgh will scarcely compare favorably with our own College chapel.

The teaching, if teaching it may be called, is entirely conducted by lectures. The students are never questioned, there being no examinations. This is certainly a very easy way of "taking degrees," and to those who have no ambition beyond the mere fact of having been connected with an institution of learning, for a series of years, and taken a degree, such a state of things must be highly agreeable; but *education*—true intellectual

and moral development—must be very remotely, if at all, connected with such a system.

One striking feature of these institutions, and one which a visitant from Kenyon would not fail to remark, is the entire want of intercourse between the teachers and the taught. There is no social intercommunication whatever. The lecturer—for he is nothing more—enters his lecture room at the proper hour, delivers his carefully prepared lecture, makes his bow and returns to his study. He is learned, dignified, inapproachable except to those of his own rank.

This state of things must have presented a very striking and, to our Professor, unfavorable contrast to what he was accustomed to at home. It is one of the many features of our Alma Mater, in which her friends pride, that her faculty have their work *at heart*, and take a *personal* interest in the welfare of every student under their care.

We cannot report, at length, the many valuable items of information which we gathered from the Professor's lecture. One or two additional observations must suffice. Of the English Universities he proposes to speak more fully at another time. They are vastly superior to the German. The students are not obliged to attend lectures, and many of them do not; but all are required to pass a rigid examination as a prerequisite to taking degrees. The government is tutorial, the professors or lecturers having nothing to do with discipline.

The account of the Rugby School was peculiarly interesting, and will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it.

We hope this first lecture is but a foretaste of many such to which we shall be treated this winter.

PROF. WHARTON brought with him from Europe a number of unusually large and fine Photographic Views of statuary and public buildings, antique remains and ruins, which are of much interest, both as specimens of foreign art and by reason of the subjects—especially attractive to students—which a majority of them represent.

The Professor, with his usual munificence to the Literary Associations, has presented to the Philomathesian and Nu Pi Kappa Societies, thirteen each of these beautiful views, which, we understand, are to be suitably framed and preserved by them. The Photographs vary in size from 19x24 to 13x19 inches. They were all, we believe, taken at Rome, and those of Statuary are from the originals in the Vatican. We append below a list of the titles of the Views.

Presented to Philomathesian Society.

St. Peter's and Castle of St. Angelo.
St. Peter's Church.
Colosseum.
Arch of the Double-faced Janus.
Laocoon.
Proserpine.
Discobolus.
Mileagrus.
Apollo Musa.
Demosthenes.
Three not named.

Presented to Nu Pi Kappa Society.

Arch of Constantine.
Column of Phocis.
Vespasian's Temple.
Dying Gladiator—front view.
Dying Gladiator—back view.
Euripides.
Minerva Palifera.
Cato and Portia.
Antinous.
Four not named.

THROUGH the courtesy of Prof. Wharton we have received a copy of the September number (1859) of "The New Rugbeian," published at Rugby School, Rugby, England. This number of an English contemporary is somewhat interesting, both from its being a specimen of the Academy literature of the father-land, and hence attractive to American students, and more especially from its being issued at Rugby School, the scene of "Tom Brown's School Days," which many of us have read with so much interest, and of the labors of Dr. Arnold, the earnest and great-minded teacher.

The "New Rugbeian" is somewhat smaller in size than the "Collegian," being a 12mo., and containing but thirty-two pages. The title-page bears as a motto: "In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria," also a coat of arms, which our limited knowledge of Heraldry will not allow us to explain. The articles, as might be expected, bear marks of the inexperience and youth of the writers, but yet there is a freshness and out-spoken manliness which reminds you of the breezy uplands and hawthorn hedges of Great Britain, of the cricket-matches and hare-and-hounds of Rugby School.

The following are the articles in the September No.:—The Idylls of the King—in which the writer takes the appended triad as a motto—

"FLOS REGUM ARTHURUS
FLOS FLORUM LAURUS
FLOS POETARUM LAUREATUS."

To Italy—a poetical address; Diary of John Sinclair—Not by Samuel Pepys; The Fag's Complaint—a parody upon "The Negro's Complaint,"—the two following verses, which we extract, will give an idea of the whole:

"Still in wish as free as ever,
What are Sixth Form rights I ask?
Me from my warm tea to sever,
Me to bully, me to task?
Weaker brains (for we are younger)
Cannot forfeit nature's claim,
Tastes may differ, ah! but hunger
Dwells in you and us the same.

"Why did all-creating Arnold
Make the rule by which we toil?
Why should we go fetch hot water?
Eggs and coffee ever boil?
Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
From the sweets your cane affords."

[How would our Freshmen like to fag for the Seniors?]

To continue, however, with the contents. The remaining articles are—Advertisements; Rugby Games; Life; and Sortes Editorianae—an Editorial Colloquy—which closes the number.

One o'clock, Saturday. A troop of merry little girls are tripping playfully past our sanctum window, on their way to Mr. Bower's singing school. Bless them, what joyous, happy creatures they are! How appropriate that

they should be taught to sing ! Why, they are *laughing* music now, as they trip along over the crusted, crackling snow. Oh ! there, one has fallen. No, not one, four, all in a heap ! Now, a perfect burst of clear, ringing melody, as each springs to her feet, and is off on a race to reach the Chapel first ! We feel like thanking Mr. Bower, in behalf of the whole community, for his gratuitous efforts in a good cause.

Children *will* sing—how can they help it ?—and that “with the spirit” too, but in order to sing “with the understanding,” also, they must be taught. It is the best—nay, the *only* means by which to dispense with those too often necessary evils,—Church choirs. Success to the singing school and to the singers ; and

“ While they sing in harmony,
May they sweetly all agree.”

The K. R. R. is under obligations to Glenn & Thrall, Publishers and Proprietors of the Columbus Gazette, for a gratis copy of their paper. The Gazette is a weekly, which will be found to contain much local, and not a little general news. Thanks to the proprietors for their contribution to our files.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt, to-day—Jan. 14th—of a liberal package of dailies and weeklies, from the exchange list of L. Harper, Ed. Mount Vernon Democratic Banner. Of a truth, friend Harper, you are getting into our *good graces*, and we are not sure but that if you were to visit the “ Hill,” you would find some one to treat you to a *dish of oysters*.

Skating seems to be quite a fashionable amusement with the ladies this winter. There are, at this moment, quite a number of ladies, married and single, passing through the park, on their way to a skating pond. A friend at our elbow is horrified at the idea of ladies indulging in so *slippery* an amusement ; but he is evidently behind the age, and something of an old fogey, too, in his way.

Why shouldn't ladies skate ? They need the exhilaration which it so richly affords as much and more than the other sex. It is a sport in which they *can* engage in, with as much grace as any body ; and the danger of head-bumpings, dislocations, &c., is no greater in their case, than in that of boys. So, we say—*let them skate*.

It is not only here that the skating mania is in vogue. We are advised that it constitutes the principal amusement of the ladies at some of our mixed schools and Female Seminaries. We venture to say that there will be less complaint of headache, except such as results from an occasional unlucky bump, dyspepsia, general debility, and the thousand nameless ills that flesh is heir to, in consequence of this amusement.

May the Winter King continue to furnish ice—Manufacturers the best of *tiny* skates—and their guardian angels protection from falls, to the skating ladies.

Our Exchanges having become somewhat scattered in Vacation, we omit, for this month, our usual acknowledgment of their receipt.